THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 19, 1805.

Account of a Trip from Alexandria to Roſetta.

[Extracted from the Journal of an Officer who ſerved with the Britiſh Army in Egypt, in 1801.]

THE French having capitulated, and having, in conſequence, no longer the fear of battle, murder, and ſudden death before my eyes, I projected a jaunt to Roſetta, and on the morning of the 9th of September, accompanied by my friend W—, ſet out on horſeback for that place. The diſtance from our camp (that weſt of Alexandria) is about forty miles. Our firſt ſtage was to Aboukir Bay, ſeventeen miles, where we had to croſs a ferry. Arrived on the oppoſite ſhore we proceeded about four miles further, when we halted to refreſh ourſelves and horſes, at an old caſtle called a caravanſera, in which a few dragoons were quartered.—Having ſtaid here a ſufficient time, we proceeded to accompliſh the remaining nineteen miles of our journey. The road lies cloſe to the ſea-ſide, and the ride would have been pleaſant, had it not been for the great number of human bodies which were lying on the beach in different ſtates of putrefaction and decay. Some appeared to have been drowned, others killed in battle, and ſeveral to have been thrown from on board ſhip in their hammocks, without having had ſufficient ballaſt to ſink them. About half-way between the caravanſera and Roſetta is a globular building, ſerving as a ſhelter to travellers, and cloſe to it a well of tolerable water. Theſe wells and buildings, I am told, are to be found in certain places, well known to the Arabs, throughout all the deſerts in this country.

When you come cloſe upon Roſetta, the eye, which has for months ſeen nothing but the moſt ſterile ſandy wilderneſs (and

ſuch had been my caſe), is highly gratified by the appearance of ſome beautiful green woods and fields, which lie on the oppoſite ſide of the Nile, in the country called the Delta, which is the garden of Lower Egypt, and is encircled by two branches of the river. The Nile is, at this place, a noble river, and adds greatly to the beauty of the proſpect. After enjoying this ſcene for a few minutes, we entered the town of Roſetta. The entrance I thought extremely narrow, and perceiving that it continued ſo from one lane to another, I requeſted an officer (whom we had accidentally met with, and who was good enough to take upon himſelf the office of guide), to lead us more through the larger ſtreets; but what was my ſurpriſe when he told me in anſwer, that we were actually at that moment in the principal ſtreet of the town. I am ſure I ſpeak greatly within bounds when I ſay it does not exceed three yards in breadth. On each ſide there are ſhops, in which were diſplayed various kinds of merchandize. After paſſing, or rather forcing, our way through a great number of theſe dirty lanes, we at laſt, greatly to our ſatisfaction, arrived at a coffee-houſe which had been lately opened by an Italian. Here we were fortunate enough to meet with ſome old acquaintances, who held a ſmall meſs in the houſe, which they kindly invited us to join, and it was here that I partook of the firſt decent (I had almoſt ſaid wholeſome) dinner ſince my arrival in Egypt. Having regaled ourſelves at the coffee-houſe 'till bed-time, we retired to the quarters of our friends, where I contrived to ſleep very ſound, notwithſtanding the buzzing of an innumerable hoſt of muſquitoes. When I awoke in the morning, I found that the muſquitoes had been tolerably merciful; but, reaching my clothes to dreſs, I perceived them to be literally covered over by a crowd of ſmall fleas, which I was more than two hours in clearing away. As for poor W. his face, when he made his appearance in the morning, was exactly like that of a perſon violently afflicted with the ſmall-pox, and his whole body was in the ſame condition. After getting our breakfaſts, we ſallied forth to ſee the lions.—The firſt place we entered was a moſque, in which ſervice was then being performed; but our feet were ſcarcely over the threſhold before three or four Turks came up to us, and in great tribulation pointed out the impropriety of our entering their houſe of religion with our boots on. It was in vain we endeavoured to explain to them that the taking off of hats was with us an act of equal reverence and humility as the going barefooted with them. Nothing would do; and, after ſome time ſpent in expoſtulation, we were obliged to retire. During the time we did remain, however, I had an opportunity of ſeeing their prieſt. He was hung up in a ſort of cage, in the ſteeple, or rather tower, of the moſque, where he was hallooing as loud as the ſtouteſt pair of ſtentorian lungs I ever heard would enable him. He ſeemed to uſe but one word;

word; and, when he was out of breath (which, to do him juſtice, was very ſeldom), the audience were good enough to relieve him. This ſort of devotion is practiſed every four hours. The place itſelf was mean and filthy in the extreme.

In retreating from the moſque I beheld a female for the firſt time ſince my arrival in Egypt; and had it been the laſt, I ſhould have had little to regret, for ſhe was not

" Bleſs'd with ſtately Juno's mien,
Nor ſhap'd like winning beauty's queen!"

but, on the contrary, was a great tall raw-boned woman, covered with a dirty blanket, and dreſſed altogether very much like the ſquaws of North America. She had but one eye viſible, the remainder of her face being covered with a long thick cloth, which a private of dragoons very aptly and characteriſtically denominated a noſe-bag. This cuſtom of hiding the face is univerſal amongſt the Turkiſh and Arabian women in this country. They are not, however, all ſuch formidable Patagonian figures as the one I was unfortunate enough to encounter firſt; but I believe none of them have the ſmalleſt pretenſions to beauty.

Roſetta is very populous; but, from its preſent fluctuating ſtate, I do not ſuppoſe it poſſible to make a correct eſtimate of the number of its inhabitants; they may probably amount to ten thouſand: this is, however, merely conjecture. The men have a general appearance of bad health, and are extremely indolent. They ſit croſs-legged at their doors almoſt the whole day, ſmoking, drinking coffee, and playing at a game which appears very ſimilar to cheſs. The narrowneſs of the ſtreets I have already mentioned. The houſes are in general large and lofty; the lower parts of them are but ſeldom occupied, as the inhabitants reſide up three or four pair of ſtairs for the benefit of the air.

This town has a ſort of police. There are watchmen who parade the ſtreets every half hour during the night, to appriſe the inhabitants of their ſafety from fire. There are alſo large ciſterns in different parts of the town, which are filled with water at day-light every morning for the uſe of the public. All the water drank here is from the Nile, and, though not ill-flavoured, is ſo thick as to be extremely unpleaſant to the ſight. They have looms in Roſetta with which they manufacture coarſe kinds of cotton and linen. There are alſo blackſmiths, ſhoemakers, taylors, &c. Some of the inhabitants turn very neatly in ivory and wood. The machine is extremely ſmall and ſimple, and is kept in motion by the toes, which are alſo of great uſe to them in guiding the chiſſel.

Early on the ſecond morning after my arrival here, I rode out to ſee the army which had lately arrived from the Eaſt Indies, under the command of Major-General Baird. The diſtance was about three miles, and the road beautiful. On one ſide was the Nile, and on the other gardens, in which were growing oranges, lemons, bananas, dates, figs, and grapes. The army fortunately were under arms: it conſiſted of a regiment of native artillery, two corps of ſepoys, and four Britiſh regiments, the whole amounting to about four thouſand men. The ſepoys were ſtout active-looking men, were extremely clean and well dreſſed, and had a very warlike appearance. The whole army was in a high ſtate of diſcipline.

During my ſtay here I had an opportunity of ſeeing the funeral of a man who had died of the plague. The body was preceded by ſix or eight men ſinging a ſort of pſalm-tune: the words they uſed I did not at that time underſtand, but have ſince learned their interpretation to be, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." A great number of women were following the corpſe, who ſeemed to try which could make the moſt hideous noiſe. In this agreeable concert, they were joined by every perſon they paſſed, and by all who accidentally met the proceſſion. Theſe boiſterous lamentations, I was told, are only adopted when the deceaſed has been carried off by the plague. On other occaſions they are conducted to the grave with very little ceremony. There are here church-yards and tomb-ſtones as in Europe.

The HISTORY *of* ALPHONSO *and* ISABELLA.

(Concluded from Page 336)

WE will now return to Alphonſo, who lay for ſome time inſenſible at the houſe of the curate of the pariſh where the action was fought. His firſt intention, on recovering the uſe of his recollection, was to write to Iſabella, and to inform her of his condition. But this his phyſician would by no means permit; neither would he ſuffer him to dictate a letter to another, until his health ſhould be more firmly re-eſtabliſhed. As ſoon as he could, with ſafety, be allowed to write, he diſpatched a letter to Iſabella, informing her of his recovery, and promiſing to return home, and be united to her. He addreſſed his letter to Aranjuez, and begged that ſhe would take the earlieſt opportunity of informing his father of his ſafety, and approaching return.

It is impoſſible to expreſs with what mixed emotions of joy and diſappointment, this letter was received at Aranjuez. Don Ambroſe now ſaw, in glowing colours, the fatal precipitancy of his

his daughter's conduct, in ſuffering the anxious forebodings of her mind to co-operate with a falſe report, in plunging her into the depths of monaſtic retirement; as things however now ſtood, he conceived he ſhould beſt conſult the happineſs of all parties, by permitting the report of her death to remain uncontradicted. He therefore wrote to the curate, at whoſe houſe Alphonſo was confined, begging that he would communicate to his gueſt, with ſuch precautions as diſcretion might ſuggeſt, the diſtreſſing news of Iſabella's deceaſe.

This ſervice the curate ſoon found an opportunity to perform; and Alphonſo, conſidering that by this accident his happineſs was ſacrificed for ever, haſtened his return home, that he might indulge the melancholy pleaſure of ſequeſtering himſelf from the world. On his journey he learned that his father was dead; and that he was now maſter of his caſtle, and large eſtate. This acceſſion of fortune added but little to the views of happineſs; "For what," ſaid he, "is money, if we have loſt thoſe who are neceſſary to its enjoyment?"

His firſt care, upon his arrival in Spain, was to perform the obſequies of his father, to whom he had ever been a dutiful and affectionate ſon. He then endeavoured to diſpel the gloom that hung upon his mind, by reading, and the ſports of the field. But he ſoon found, that retirement is a bad remedy for the pains incident to reflection; and that even the hurry of the chace could not ſecure him againſt the intruſion of unwelcome thoughts.

His friends perceived the melancholy that oppreſſed him, and they adviſed him to travel, in hopes to ſhake it off. Of the propriety of this advice he ſeemed himſelf to be fully ſenſible, and determined immediately to comply with it. He propoſed to make the tour of Italy; but as that part of it, which had lately been the ſcene of ſuch important tranſactions, between the Imperialiſts and the French, was naturally the moſt intereſting to his mind, he reſolved to commence his travels by the way of Lombardy.

At this time, the roads in Lombardy were infeſted by parties of diſbanded ſoldiers, who, being without employment, and without bread, committed great atrocities upon travellers. Alphonſo therefore armed himſelf, and a couple of ſervants, upon whoſe courage he could rely; and, in this ſtate, travelled for ſome time without interruption.

One evening about ſun-ſet, as they were paſſing over a country more than commonly mountainous, the attention of Alphonſo was attracted from an eminence which he was then deſcending, to the turrets of a convent ſeated in the valley beneath. There was ſomething particularly intereſting in the ſcene now before him. The convent ſtood near the bottom of a hill, at a ſmall diſtance from which, a river glided gently along; a rich

extent

extent of meadow-ground preſented itſelf in front; and the white walls of the edifice, beaming through the foliage of the trees, and playing upon the water, brought to his recollection the deſcription of " Paraclete's white walls, and ſilver ſprings," ſo celebrated in the 12th century.

As he was devouring this proſpect with his eyes, and contraſting the beauty of it with the rudeneſs of the adjoining country, four horſemen, armed with ſabres, came ſuddenly upon him from an hollow road, with an intent to rob him.

Alphonſo was naturally brave; and as both himſelf and his ſervants were well armed, they made a reſolute reſiſtance. In a ſhort time he laid the captain of the banditti dead at his feet, and would certainly have put the reſt to flight, had not one of his ſervants unfortunately been killed, and himſelf, at the ſame moment, brought to the ground by a dangerous wound. In this ſtate he was eaſily overpowered by the robbers, who after having rifled him of every thing valuable, made the beſt of their retreat.

Alphonſo obſerving that the neighbourhood afforded but little chance of relief, diſpatched his ſurviving ſervant to the convent in the valley, to ſolicit aſſiſtance. The meſſenger arrived at this place as the evening was beginning to cloſe, and informed the ſiſter who kept the gate, that a Spaniſh traveller of rank had been robbed, and wounded on the mountains above, and that he then lay in a dangerous ſtate, a ſhort diſtance from the convent.

This information was ſpeedily imparted to the abbeſs, who immediately conſulted with Father Benedick, her confeſſor, upon the meaſures to be purſued on this occaſion. It was agreed between them, that the father, taking proper aſſiſtance with him, ſhould wait upon the wounded gentleman, and, if he found the caſe urgent, have him conveyed into the convent; at leaſt, for that night. Upon examination it appeared neceſſary to execute this benevolent deſign to the full extent, and Alphonſo, ſupported upon a litter, was removed to the convent, under the direction of Father Benedick.

It ſo happened, that in this convent, into which Alphonſo was now received, wounded, and a ſtranger, Iſabella herſelf had taken ſhelter from the ſtorms of an adverſe fortune. As it was not unuſual with the religious of that order to which ſhe belonged, upon forſaking the world, and entering upon a new life, to enter alſo upon a new name, our beautiful heroine had adopted the ſame practice; and the blooming Iſabella, was now converted into the devout ſiſter Agatha, whoſe fervent charity, and unaffected piety, excited the admiration of the whole community.

Father Benedick having provided every thing neceſſary for the accommodation of Alphonſo, left him for the night. In the morning he waited upon the ſuperior, and ſolicited permiſſion to

take ſiſter Agatha to the apartment of the ſtranger, that he might avail himſelf of that ſkill in medicine, which ſhe was known to have acquired, by her charitable attendance on the poor of Aranjuez, until more regular aſſiſtance could be obtained.

The abbeſs conſented; and Iſabella having veiled herſelf, attended the confeſſor to the chamber of Alphonſo.

Alphonſo was ſo changed by ill-health, and Iſabella ſo concealed by a long veil, that neither party recognized the other; and yet Alphonſo thought he diſtinguiſhed ſomething particularly pleaſing in her voice, and had a general recollection that he had heard it before. This induced him, after Iſabella had retired, to aſk Father Benedick of what country the charitable recluſe was a native? The confeſſor informed him that ſhe was of Spain; and of a noble family. "Her voice and manner," replied Alphonſo, with a ſigh, "are like thoſe of a moſt amiable young lady of Catalonia, whoſe death I ſhall ever anxiouſly deplore."

Alphonſo then, at Father Benedick's requeſt, gave him, in few words, the hiſtory of his life; from which the father collected (but without venturing to mention his diſcovery) that Siſter Agatha was that very Iſabella, whom Alphonſo ſuppoſed to be dead.

Soon after this Alphonſo's wound was declared to be mortal and Father Benedick loſt no time in communicating to the abbeſs the diſcovery he had made. It was by them judged adviſeable, that this knowledge of the affair ſhould be imparted to Alphonſo only, as he might have ſomething of importance to ſay upon the ſubject, previous to his deceaſe; but that no notice ſhould be taken of it to Iſabella, during the ſhort period of his life; becauſe, by the rules of the order, ſhe could not now be permitted either to ſee him, or to hold any intercourſe with him.

In a ſhort time after Alphonſo's wound was pronounced to be mortal, he was brought, in the progreſs of his diſeaſe, into that ſtate of mental tranquillity, in which the paſſions are ſubdued, without injury to the reaſon. Father Benedick availed himſelf of this moment, to inform him, that Iſabella was ſtill living, and a member of that community. He received the intelligence with gratitude, and dmild ſurprize; and calling for the implements of writing, addreſſed a few lines to Iſabella, ſince he could not be permitted to ſee her, which he requeſted the confeſſor to deliver to her after his deceaſe.

That event took place in a few hours; and Father Benedick, in the preſence of the abbeſs, preſented to Iſabella the following letter:

"When you receive this letter, the hand that writes it will be no more; but the affection that inſpires it, can never die. Father Benedick will relate to you the circumſtances of my death,

death, and by what accident I came into this place. The intelligence which that father has imparted to me, with reſpect to you, impreſſes my mind with religious awe. I approve of the life in which you are engaged, and as a mark of my approbation, bequeath my eſtate to found a convent of nuns, in this neighbourhood, of your own order; over which I would have you preſide, as the firſt abbeſs. I am urgent in this requeſt; and, in the confidence that it will not be denied, take leave of you affectionately.

" Your faithful

" ALPHONSO."

I paſs over the feelings of Iſabella upon receiving this letter, as circumſtances that cannot be deſcribed. The hand-writing, with which ſhe was well acquainted, and ſome particulars mentioned by Father Benedick, and known only to Alphonſo, and herſelf, left no doubt upon her mind, but Alphonſo was the author; and ſhe promiſed ſcrupulouſly to comply with his inſtructions.

The remainder of this ſtory may be compriſed within a narrow compaſs.

Father Benedick now prepared to carry into execution the laſt wiſhes of Alphonſo. He informed the biſhop of the dioceſe of the intention of the deceaſed to erect a convent, and of the funds he had bequeathed to raiſe and endow it. The biſhop obtained a bull from Clement VII. to found a convent of nuns, of the order of St. Bridget; and a diſpenſation enabling Iſabella to quit her own community, and to take the direction of this.

A ſpot of ground about a mile diſtant from the old convent, romantick, and beautiful in the extreme, was ſelected for the new one. It was ſoon finiſhed under the inſpection of Father Benedick, and filled with ladies of diſtinction, principally from Spain.

Iſabella, now abbeſs of St. Claire, lived many years, reſpected for her adherence to the rules of her order, and beloved for her engaging manners. She often declared ſhe experienced, ſhe had no doubt, more real happineſs from the life ſhe then led, than ſhe could poſſibly have done from the moſt proſperous condition in the world at large; and deſired the ſiſters, whom ſhe called her children, to take notice of the ways, by which providence had drawn her to himſelf; and made her misfortunes, and thoſe of Alphonſo, the inſtrument of much good to others.

Within the precincts of the convent was a ſpring remarkable for the clearneſs of its waters. Here, under the ſhade of ſome elm-trees, which afforded a ſhelter from the ſun, Iſabella uſed frequently to retire, attended by her ladies. On theſe occa-

ſions ſhe would diſcourſe to them of providence, and a future ſtate; and expreſſed her firm perſuaſion, that thoſe connexions which were virtuous in this life, would be continued in the next.

The father of Iſabella having now no children to ſucceed him, bequeathed his fortune to the convent of which his daughter was the head. This benefaction was conſidered as a ſecond foundation, and the convent of St. Claire became the moſt celebrated religious retreat in that part of Italy.

After a life well ſpent, Iſabella died. On her death-bed ſhe deſired that ſhe might be buried in the ſame tomb with Alphonſo. This favour, in conſideration of the obligations the ſociety owed to each party, was readily conceded.

His remains were therefore taken from a neighbouring church where they had been depoſited, and interred, together with thoſe of Iſabella, in the chapel belonging to the convent. A magnificent monument was erected to their memory, which is ſtill in being, and often viſited by the religious. In their epitaph they are entitled, "The Pious and munificent Founders of that Houſe," and their hiſtory was written by Father Benedick, and is preſerved in the convent.

When a proper interval had elapſed, Iſabella, for her exemplary piety, was canonized. The ſpring, to which ſhe uſed frequently to reſort, became a favourite with the ladies of the convent. It was denominated St. Agatha's Well; and the waters of it, are ſaid, by the ignorant, to work miracles.

Particulars of an Examination for Child-Stealing.

MARTHA LUKE was brought on Thurſday, Auguſt 8, 1805, before the magiſtrates at the office in Hatton Garden, charged with ſtealing Henry Watts, a male child, aged ſeventeen months.

Grace Watts, the mother of the child, depoſed, that ſhe was the wife of William Watts, now captain's cook on board his majeſty's ſhip the Canopus, one of Lord Nelſon's fleet. She lived in Biſhop's-court, Chancery-lane, and, during her huſband's abſence, ſhe attended a gentleman of Gray's Inn Chambers, waſhed and chared, &c. On Saturday, about eleven o'clock, ſhe ſent little Henry with his brother William, a very fine boy, about five years old, along with James Bentley, a neighbour's child, of about the ſame age, to play, and take the air in Lincoln's Inn-ſquare. In a little more than an hour after, her ſon William came running to her to Gray's Inn, crying out that a middle aged woman, in black, had run away with little Henry. She immediately went to the police office, to give information, and, about one o'clock, was informed the child was

in St. Ann's workhouſe, Soho. She went there, and found the child, almoſt naked, with only his little ſhirt, ſhoes, and ſtockings. The reſt of the cloaths, hat, frock, petticoat, &c. he had been ſtripped of.

William Watts, the boy, ſtated, that while they were playing in Lincoln's Inn-ſquare, the priſoner, whom he poſitively ſwore to, came up, and, taking the hand of little Henry, ſaid, "Let us run a little;" he took his other hand, and they ran a little way; ſhe then brought them into Holborn, and ſhewed them the White Stag, and the Golden Bee-hive, and, after coaxing them a little farther, ſhe bought ſome cherries for them at the corner of Eagle-ſtreet. She then brought them into Red Lion-ſquare, and, looking at the boys, told them their hands and faces were dirty, and deſired them to go waſh themſelves at the pump, to which ſhe pointed, and ſhe would in the mean time take care of little Henry. While the two boys were at the pump, the priſoner took the opportunity of abſconding with the child, whom ſhe afterwards ſtripped, as it is ſuppoſed, and left expoſed in the ſtreet.

James Bentley, the other boy, gave a ſimilar teſtimony; they were both about five years old, and gave their evidence with ſingular preciſion and conſiſtency. They deſcribed the perſon of the priſoner exactly, and ſpoke poſitively as to her identity.

Elizabeth Park ſtated, that about eleven o'clock on Saturday ſhe was going through Lincoln's Inn-ſquare, and obſerved the three children and the priſoner at the bar, running towards Holborn, and as he paſſed, ſhe remarked to the priſoner, that the little one, meaning Henry, could ſcarcely run in that manner. Not ſuſpecting any thing improper, ſhe went on about her buſineſs; ſhe was poſitive the priſoner was the ſame perſon ſhe had ſeen with the children on Saturday. She then wore a black bombazine coat, which ſhe had afterwards pawned; but which, when produced to the witneſs, ſhe ſwore to be the ſame, being remarkable for ſome plaits tied together with a ſtring.

George Watſon, a pawn-broker, proved, that in the forenoon of Monday, the priſoner came to his ſhop, and pawned ſome baby linen with him, which, when he produced, the mother identified to be little Henry's coat, petticoat, &c.

It further appeared, that on Tueſday evening, about four o'clock, little Bentley was ſent into Chancery-lane, with a meſſage, and he immediately ran back to his mother, crying, "Mamma! Mamma! I ſaw the woman that took away little Henry."—The mother and ſome neighbours proceeded directly to the ſtreet, when they obſerved the priſoner ſitting on the ſteps of a coffee-houſe door. A mob collected, and ſhe was taken into cuſtody, and dragged, amidſt the acclamations of a ſurrounding

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ing multitude, to the police office, and as ſhe paſſed, having heard the nature of the offence, hundreds of mothers vented imprecations upon her head, and would have torn her to pieces, but for ſome more prudent perſons preſent, who wiſhed juſtice ſhould take its due courſe.

The priſoner did not attempt to make any anſwer to thoſe charges. During a long examination, ſhe ſtood at the bar with her elbow reſting upon it, and her face covered with her hands; ſhe frequently ſeemed to cry. She appeared to be a woman of between forty and fifty years of age, with very full black eyes, thin viſage, ſharp noſe, and ſallow complexion; her arms were much tanned by the weather, and ſhe was ſomething above the middle ſtature. She wore an old black velvet bonnet, long ſtiff ſtays, and cotton ſhawl, with a black petticoat, and had neither gown nor ſhoes on. The police officers recogniſed her as an old offender; ſhe had been tried upon three ſimilar indictments the ſeſſions before laſt at the Old Bailey, and convicted.

She was ordered to be committed to Newgate for the preſent, and brought up again for further examination on a future day.

Three other women were brought up, charged on ſuſpicion of ſimilar offences; but, upon inveſtigation, the charges againſt two of them proved groundleſs: the third, of the name of Fyſe, was committed to the houſe of correction, as a vagrant, being a well known peſt in the neighbourhood of Holborn and Saint Giles's.

CHARACTER *and* ADVICE *of* JONAS HOBSON.

By the late Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN.

AN old man, whoſe name was Jonas Hobſon, had ſupported a large family with induſtry, and had endeavoured to bring them up in the fear of God. He inſtructed them with all the knowledge he had himſelf, but chiefly gave them that beſt inſtruction—a good example. He went conſtantly to church, read his Bible on Sundays, was gentle and kind to every body; was never known to ſwear or to get drunk; and prayed morning and evening for God's bleſſing on himſelf and his family. Worn out at length by age and hard labour, and finding death approaching, he called his ſons together, who were now young men, and raiſing himſelf in his bed, he thus ſpoke to them:

"What little advice I could give you, my dear children, has, I hope, by the bleſſing of God, kept you thus far honeſt and ſober. I am now going to be removed from you; and as I have no worldly goods to leave among you, I have called you round my death-bed, to give you my laſt bleſſing and advice; which

will be a better legacy to you if you will keep it, than if I had left you my houſe full of riches. This is a very wicked place in which you live. People ſeem to have loſt all fear of God. What ſwearing, what drinking, what lying, and wickedneſs of all kinds, do we ſee! When I was young, there were no ſuch doings. The church was then followed more, and the ale-houſe leſs. Juſtices then would not ſuffer ſuch ſhameful work, and inn-keepers durſt not entertain a gueſt in church-time. But now, as if ale-houſes were not enough, what a number of wicked pot-houſes has the Devil ſet up in every part of the pariſh! Good Lord! it is enough to make one's hair ſtand on end to hear of ſuch doings. There is hardly a part of the pariſh where you may not find one of theſe bad houſes. Here the Devil keeps ſchool. Here he gets together wicked people; who draw in poor lads, and teach them to curſe and to ſwear, to go after cock-fights and barrels of beer, and to neglect both their buſineſs and their church. Good Lord! I often wonder the earth does not open and ſwallow them up, as you read in the Bible it once ſwallowed up ſome wicked people. I have often, my dear ſons, warned you againſt theſe vile houſes, and I believe you have never yet frequented them. But I am now going to leave you. What temptations you may afterwards meet with, God knows; but I hope my dying words will ſink deep into you. Depend upon it theſe bad houſes are the beginning of all wickedneſs. Many a poor lad might have done well, if he had not been drawn into theſe wicked places. Look at thoſe, I beſeech you, who frequent them. You will always find them idle profligate people; eſteemed by nobody, and doing good to nobody; ſuffering their poor families, if they have any, to grow up in rags and naſtineſs. Then again, look at thoſe who frequent the church. Generally ſpeaking, you will ſee them orderly induſtrious people, who have either led good lives, or have left off their wickedneſs and become good. I beg of you, therefore, my dear ſons, and charge you on my bleſſing, that while you live in this world, you will obſerve theſe two things: Follow the church, and avoid the pot-houſe. You will then be in the way of learning good, and out of the way of learning evil. And though you have but little of this world's wealth, I hope God's bleſſing will attend you, and when this world ends he will carry you to a better."

The old man having ſaid theſe words, ſhook his ſons affectionately by the hand, prayed for God's bleſſing upon them, and then deſired that nobody might interrupt him in his laſt moments. He then turned his face to the wall, lay quiet and compoſed, was often ſeen to lift his hand gently to Heaven, and once or twice to ſtretch it out, and graſp the hands of his ſons, who ſat round him in ſilent ſorrow. Thus he lay about two hours, and breathed out his pious ſoul at nine o'clock that evening. He had been ſo good a man, that the parſon, without being deſired,

gave

gave him a fine character on Sunday; and as they were going out of church, one of the people ſaid, he wiſhed that character was his. The parſon overhearing him, turned round and aſked, "Why then, Thomas, don't you make it ſo?" The parſon afterwards ſpoke to the 'ſquire, and they joined together and put up a ſtone over his grave with this inſcription:—"Here lies the body of Jonas Hobſon, formerly of this pariſh, now a ſaint in Heaven. He was a pious man, and ſet a good example to a wicked place. You, who did not follow his example during his life, follow it now after his death, and the Lord will yet be merciful unto you. His mortal life began July 3, 1705; his immortal life January 19, 1779."

Deſcription of a magnificent Entertainment given at Peterſburgh in June, 1805.

Written by a Spectator.

I Am juſt returned from witneſſing the moſt ſplendid ſight I ever beheld; the *fete* given by the Ruſſian merchants to the emperor and court, on the occaſion of the firſt ſtone of a new exchange being laid by Alexander. That part of the ceremony I unfortunately did not ſee; it was very grand I am told, but nothing uncommon. At the dinner, which took place immediately after, I was preſent, and conſidering all the circumſtances, I really think nothing ſhort of the ſkill of Puck or Mab could have created ſo great a metamorphoſis in ſo ſhort a time. The hall where we dined, ſix days before you would not have walked acroſs without great caution; it is a cuſtom-houſe, warehouſe, and our temporary exchange. On entering it, we found the dirty way we had been accuſtomed to ſee, elegantly painted with wreaths of flowers, trophies, landſcapes, &c. and decorated with flags of all the European nations except France. The effect was beautiful beyond deſcription.

At three the emperor came; the native merchants on one ſide and the foreigners on the other, formed a paſſage for him and his court, and after drinking brandy and eating bread (the cuſtom of the country before dinner), the banquet was ſerved to upwards of four hundred perſons. The table was ſemicircular; the emperor and court at the top. To deſcribe the ſtews, haſhes, and ragouts, would require more knowledge than belongs to the ingenious Glaſſe, or the accompliſhed Farley. Suffice it to ſay, that the Merlins of the kitchen exhibited more varieties, and performed more wonders on fiſh, fleſh, and fowl, than had ever been done before. To ſay that a river of Tokay flowed through the room, the ſober decency of truth will not allow; but that the moſt coſtly wines of all countries were in great

plenty,

plenty, may be ſaid without being influenced by their effect. Of the fruits there were orchards of cherries, vineyards of grapes, waggon loads of peaches, plumbs, pines, melons, &c. In ſhort, all that a garden affords was concentered in this haunt of the merchants. But do not let me forget the temples of barley ſugar, the groſtoes of almond-cakes, the pyramids of ice, the ſarcophagi of jelly, the ſphinxes of blancmange, or the lakes of punch. The Egyptian taſte every where predominated. An immenſe crocodile concealed in its belly conſerves of every ſort, and was in truth a perfect magazine of candied ſweetmeats and fruits. If we wanted liqueurs we had only to tap an Iſis, who emitted a rich and prodigal ſtream, which, had Homer taſted, would have have cured him of mentioning the nectar of Jove.

A ſtately and well-proportioned Oſiris was eaten down perfectly to the ſtumps, and the Sphinx did not pine away for grief at the ſolution of her riddle, but periſhed in a natural way, before the attack of ſome hungry ſtomachs. Nor was the company compoſed of leſs variety than the dinner. The emperor and his court were covered with ſtars and diamonds; the men wore long coats and long beards; they were a mixture of moſt nations. The Tartar, Chineſe, Coſſack, and Britiſh traders were interſperſed with the Ruſſians; each had his own coſtume, according to cuſtom. About twelve ladies, conſiſting of two empreſſes, grand ducheſſes, &c. were preſent.

The expence of this entertainment will be about 80,000 rubles (30,000l. ſterling) which you will not be ſurpriſed at, when I tell you that two cherry trees alone coſt 1000 rubles, about 125l. and that every thing was in the ſame proportion.

I muſt cut ſhort my deſcription; but let Engliſh luxury rival it if it can; and after this, for Heaven's ſake let us hear no more of a lord mayor's feaſt.

REMARKS *on the* SOCIAL VIRTUES.

CIVIL ſociety is the very quinteſſence, as it were, and indiſſoluble bond of human life; and it is impoſſible for any one to ſucceed in the commerce of the world, as he could wiſh, to acquire a juſt, exquiſite, and ſatisfactory knowledge of himſelf and others, who does not cultivate the talents, and ſtudy to poliſh and form his mind and character with thoſe accompliſhments which contribute the moſt eſſentially, to our mutual innocence and delight, freedom and advantage, as citizens of the world at large.

That ſpecies of virtue which is ſolitary and private, reſembles the retired and ſelfiſh bird of night, which, as unable to endure the day-light, the brightneſs which irradiates the face of plain or embelliſhed nature, throughout her charming and admirable

mirable works, remains concealed in the darkeſt receſſes, as if obſtinately reluctant to ſee herſelf expoſed in her true, proper colours, as if bluſhing at her own native uglineſs and deformity.

Heaven never deſigned that moral, induſtrious man, the influence and impulſe of whoſe natural temper and diſpoſition ſo powerfully prompt, and induce him to be converſable and communicative, ſhould, like the ſtiff and cynical, the ſtrange and truly pitiable Diogenes in his tub, in his auſtere garb of pretended ſanctimonioufneſs, live to himſelf alone. The nobleſt and greateſt deſert and worth, if latent, only glimmer with the faint luſtre of a diamond, before it has received the nicer touches, the brilliant ornaments and graces, from the ſkilful hand of ſome excellent workman, ſome maſter eminent in his art, which render it ſo inviting, eſtimable, and honourable an object, ſuch as to ſtrike the curious eye, and command the particular attention and admiration of every ſpectator endowed with taſte and judgement.

That virtue which is of a ſocial and public character, find its proper buſineſs and full employment, not only in the ſolid and durable engagements of diſintereſted friendſhip, but in the ſtill more laudable exerciſe and diſplay of extenſive generoſity, in the kind and condeſcending offices of courteſy, affability, benevolence, and beneficence, and in reſolved and perſevering endeavours ſubſtantially to ſerve and oblige men of all conditions and degrees, by giving them our aſſiſtance if wanted, and by gratifying their deſires, ſuch as may be thought moderate and reaſonable, whenever an opportunity of acting preſents itſelf. This is to cement together the tender charities of life—to bind, in the ties of reciprocal intercourſe and affection, the disjoined members of this our lower world—this is to provide and ſecure a large revenue, the accumulated product, a more complete and perfect joint-ſtock of mundane happineſs, which every individual of the ſociety may fairly put in an equal claim to.

Good breeding and uncorrupted good ſenſe and reaſon ſhould, nay muſt and will, ever join. Neither of theſe truly excellent qualities or principles (for ſuch I beg leave to call them, being deeply rooted in the ſoul, and ſerving as a ſort of ſecret ſpring to regulate her motions,) can ever be oppoſite to, or interfere with, the other;—and I believe it will ever be recogniſed as an eſtabliſhed maxim, that merit, however ſolid and undeniable, however vaſt and extraordinary, is rendered ſtill more attractive, more beautiful and agreeable, when embelliſhed with the very uſeful charms and graces, the honeſt arts of true and genuine politeneſs.

By good breeding, I do not mean an unwearied attention to the common forms of civility, ſuch as conſiſt merely in a gloſſy

ſurface

ſurface and exterior—and ſtill leſs that fooliſh impotence of mind which can take pleaſure in the pride, pomp, and circumſtances of ridiculous pageantry, or in the meretricious glare and tawdry embelliſhments which we daily ſee exhibited by the minions of fortune and their ſervile copyiſts, and leaſt of all in the finical and fantaſtical affectations where with ſo many blockheads ſo over-act the part of the real fine gentleman, as to transform themſelves into the completeſt coxcombs; but I mean that rare felicity of gentle good humour, that modeſty of ſentiment, that chearfulneſs of heart, that ſweet amiable temper, and perfection of mind and manners, which is the very life and ſoul, the bewitching charm of all civil ſociety (which, like the learned and judicious Ariſtippus of old, whoſe accompliſhments in conquering the human heart were ſuch, that his perſonal converſation has been held out by the ancients as a perfect pattern and wholeſome memorable example of univerſal civility), can recommend itſelf, with a natural eaſe of addreſs and manner, to the various characters that occur in real life, in the vulgar as well as the polite world—which, if neceſſary, can become a *polutropos*, as was Uly ſſes among the Greeks, or *all things to all men*, as a ſacred writer expreſſes it, in a moſt elegant manner. I mean a laudable ambition, a true and ſincere deſire to excel in every deſcription of ſuch reſpectful devoirs as others have a tacit right to demand of us; and all this to be decorated and enhanced, with a certain agreeable and inſinuating air diffuſed through all our words and actions.

Neither by good ſenſe, do I mean a ſavage ſkill in barbarous terms of art, the multitudinous accumulation of varniſhed ſcraps of undigeſted knowledge, pedantic fragments of *quodlibetical learning*, ſcraped together without reſerve, diſcretion, and reflection; nor even that kind of ſcientific inſtruction (the neceſſity and utility of which are not diſputed,) which may be learned in ſchools and colleges by dint of reading and ſtudy, and to the acquirement of which nothing is wanting but a competent genius or capacity, and a reaſonable ſhare of application; but I mean that exact knowledge of decorum, and the art of living, which can adapt our different occupations and purſuits in the various arts and ſciences, and even our domeſtic employments, to their proper and reſpective ends and uſes; which teaches us to correct and conceal our own impertinences and infirmities, and to excuſe and have indulgence for thoſe of others; which inculcates it as a maxim to be nice and curious in our choice of company, and ever prefer ſuch as is genteel and rational, which can obſerve a proper medium between a blunt ruſticity, an impudent preſumption on the one hand, and a blameable timorouſneſs on the other: in a word, it requires the conjunction of almoſt all the virtues, intermingled with a due proportion of accompliſhments, and to be exerted in all the offices of civil life:—

like a ſkilful chemiſt, who can extract the eſſence of many plants in the moſt complete manner, "concenter them in one ſmall phial, and caſt away the refuſe."

The advantages attendant on this heavenly temper, both to ourſelves and our connections, are almoſt incalculable. An even and mild temper beſt enables us to diſcharge every duty of the man and the Chriſtian.

BON MOT.

NEAR the town of Market Drayton, in Shropſhire, is a public-houſe, called the *Four Alls*, which are ſeverally repreſented on the ſign-board, the firſt three by a king, a parſon, and a ſoldier; from the mouth of each iſſues a deſcriptive label: the monarch ſays, "I govern all;" the divine, "I pray for all;" the ſoldier, "I fight for all;" and John Bull, in a waggoner's frock, ſtands, archly exclaiming, "But I *pay* for all!"

ACCOUNT *of the* MOCKING-BIRD.

THIS well-known inhabitant of the woods of North America is ſaid to be ſo ſhy, that if any perſon diſcovers its neſt, and only looks at the eggs, it immediately forſakes it. The young ones require great care in being bred up in confinement. If they are taken from the mother, and put into a cage near the place where they are found, ſhe feeds them for a few days; but ſeeing no hopes of ſetting them at liberty, ſhe at laſt flies entirely away.

It often happens that the young ones ſoon after die, and doubtleſs in a great meaſure from the loſs of their natural food. It is, however, a ſuppoſition among the common people, that the laſt time the mother brings food, ſhe finds means to poiſon them, in order the ſooner to deliver them from ſlavery and wretchedneſs. Theſe birds remain all the ſummer in the colonies, but retire in the autumn to the more ſouthern parts of America, where th y paſs the winter months.

Anſwer, by Triangularius, of Everſhot, to W. Tucker's Queſtion inſerted March 6.

PER queſtion is conſtituted a rectangled △, which to find the breadth of the river proceed thus: ſay as 60° 30′ : 480 yards :: 29° 30′ : 271,5 yards, the breadth required.

☞ A ſimilar anſwer has been received from R. Maffett, of Saltaſh.

Anſwer, by P. Maſon, of St. Stephen's, to S. Moore's Charade, inſerted May 27.

IF right I am, and find it true,
'Tis IVYBRIDGE will anſwer you.

† We have received the like anſwer from William Gard, of Gittiſham; T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; Adrianus; J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; J. Reynolds, jun. of Cullompton; and J. James, of Hinton St. George.

Anſwer, by J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis, to A. Kyne's Charade, inſerted May 27.

A BIRD'S-EYE, Sir, 'tis very plain,
Is ſurely that which you do mean.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot.

Anſwer, by J. Channon, of Ottery, to J. Chubb's Rebus, inſerted June 3.

SIR, by your lines I underſtand,
MARCHIONESS is the title grand.

‡‡‡ Similar anſwers have been received from William Gard, of Gittiſham; T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; T. Wotton, of Newton Buſhel; H. Pratt, of Luppit; and Adrianus.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

AMONG the cries of London town,
Sagacious wits, one right expound,
My firſt you'll then unfold;
My laſt are oft at races won,
Where hundreds of ſpectators run
To ſee who clears my whole:
There you may view the rich and debonair,
The young, the old, the witty, and the fair.

An ENIGMA, *by W. H. Nottle.*

IN gloomy convent, or in dreary cell,
Where pious monks and holy hermits dwell,
I'm never ſeen; but ſearch the world around,
In ſocial circles I am daily found.
I rich and poor, peaſant and prince befriend,
Alike to each my ſoothing aid I lend;

But tho' in palaces I claim a place,
I often bear the token of diſgrace;
Yet ſtrange to tell I may, in ſtricteſt ſenſe,
Be deem'd the ſeat of perfect innocence.
Tho' happy they, the happieſt of their kind,
Whom love unites, and Hymen's letters bind,
Imperfect is their bliſs 'till me they need,
When I appear then are they bleſt indeed;
O'er me they anxious bend, in me behold
Treaſures more valu'd than the miſer's gold.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO SENSIBILITY.

THOU chord, in unison with love divine!
Whose heav'nly sound so elevates the soul;
What an enchanting energy is thine!
How sweely delicate thy smooth controul!

At thy soft note fell cruelty will fly,
With pale remorse and baseness in the rear;
And by his own destructive weapon die,
In the dread realms of comfortless despair.

Why starts Philander? Ah! why such amaze
Stamp'd on his front? Ah! why that earnest gaze
Of streaming pity from those tender eyes?
Lo! 'tis a mutilated wren he sees,
Fall'n to the ground beneath the tufted trees—
See how it struggles!—See, alas!—it dies!

Sherborne. B. AYRES.

The CURATE's PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a studious breast:
While a poor curate supplicates attend:
Fat pluralists, and heads with mitres deck'd,
Condole with me, and be a scholar's friend.

Life's early morning dawn'd with promise fair:
Bright rose the sun, and gilt the flowery scene;
Gaily I drifted down the flatt'ring tide,
Nor dream'd the black-wing'd storm would intervene.

Sent by fond relatives to Eton's bowers,
Joy tipp'd each jocund hour that flits along;
When relaxation gave the welcome space,
I spent the time in music, dance, and song.

My friends were such as bore a noble name;
I lodg'd my secrets in a star-gilt breast;
Those friends I hop'd would future patrons prove,
And fancy's golden visions made me blest.

In quest of sacred lore to college sent,
There I indulg'd preferment's gilded dream;
Bright reveries illum'd my mind, whilst I
Saunter'd beside, dear Cam! thy classic stream.

My gay compeers, their studious term expir'd,
As interest, or as pleasure lur'd they rov'd;
Hasten'd to court, and bent the supple knee,
Or rang'd, fair Italy! thy vales belov'd.

Yes, all are gone, and left me to my fate,
To live unpatroniz'd in this dull cell;

Far

Far from the world, and all its bright rewards,
With poverty and ſolitude I dwell.

To ſoothe my cares a tender friend is mine,
Nor Albion's iſle can boaſt a lovelier maid;
This luckleſs hand tranſplanted the ſweet flower
In colder ſoil, to bloſſom in the ſhade.

Kind providence, to bleſs the nuptial ſcene,
Has given two lovely girls—two black-ey'd boys—
Ye cherubs! would but fortune deign to ſmile,
How warm my tranſports! how ſublime my joys!

Fond friends! inſtead of ſcientific lore,
Had ye but taught me ſome mechanic art,
Then a ſufficiency had grac'd my board,
And pangs like theſe had never pierc'd my heart.

No views ambitious ever fill'd my mind;
A competence genteel was all my plan;
But what, in times ſo pregnant with expence,
Ah! what, juſt Heavens! are ſixty pounds *per ann?*

Oft as in ruſſet weeds I ſcour along,
In diſtant chapel haſtily to pray;
By nod ſcarce notic'd of the paſſing throng;
'Tis but the curate! every child will ſay.

Ah! not for me the harveſt yields its ſtore,
The bough-crown'd ſhock in vain attracts my eye;
To labour doom'd, and deſtin'd to be poor,
I paſs the field, I hope, not envious by.

When at the altar ſurplice-clad I ſtand,
The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee,
The gift I take, but dare not cloſe my hand,
The ſplendid preſent centres not in me.

Ye who have wealthy livings to beſtow,
Your humble poor petitioner regard;
Then ſhall my warmeſt prayers for you aſcend,
And Heaven the deed benevolent reward.

Haverhill, May 29, 1805. JOHN WEBB.

The ECLIPSE *of the* SUN.

[From the Perſian of Achmed Andeibeili. By Charles Fox.]

WITHOUT a ſhade, where beams the orient light?
Where blooms the lovely roſe without a thorn?
Is there a day without ſucceeding night?
Is there a man to no misfortune born?
Is there a ſultan free from cares of ſtate?
Is there a vizier free from anxious dread?
Is there a chieftain with ſucceſs elate,
Where fortune hangs not on a ſpider's thread?
Is there a ſea unruffled by a ſtorm,
Or rock-fenc'd ſhore unbeaten by the main?
Is there a ſky no tempeſts e'er deform,
Or cloud that melts not into falling rain?
Ev'n now the glorious ſun eclipſed I ſee;
Deep ſunk in ſhadows, lo! his beams decay:
Why then ſhould proſperous fortune favour me,
Thro' life's dim circle with a cloudleſs ray?
Grant me, juſt God! a calm unfetter'd mind,
A humble heart in all to thee reſign'd.